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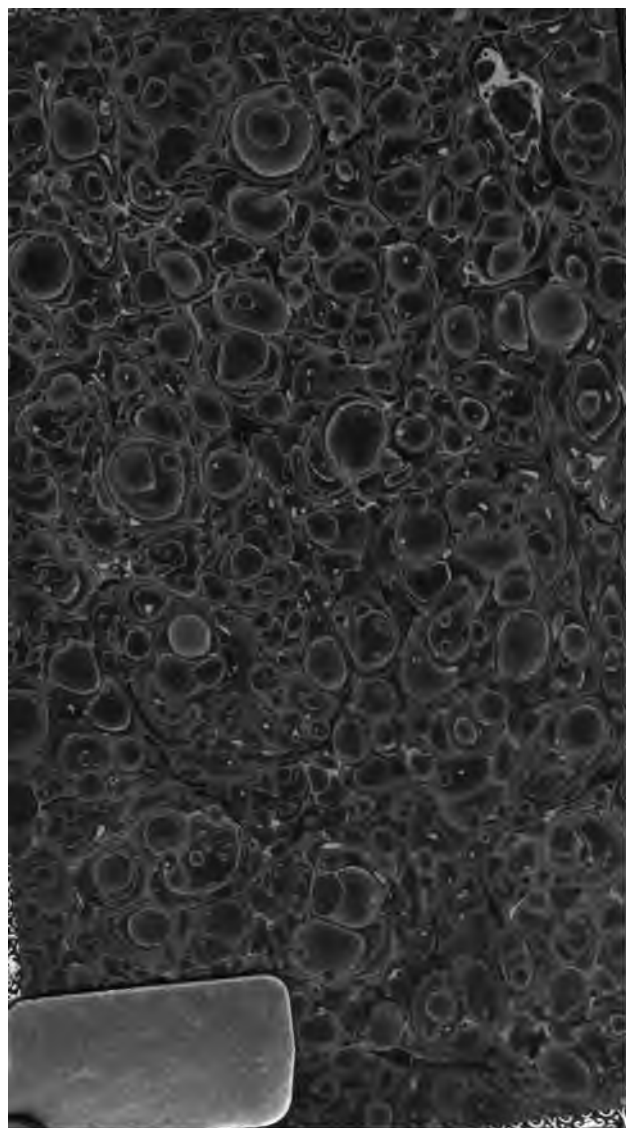
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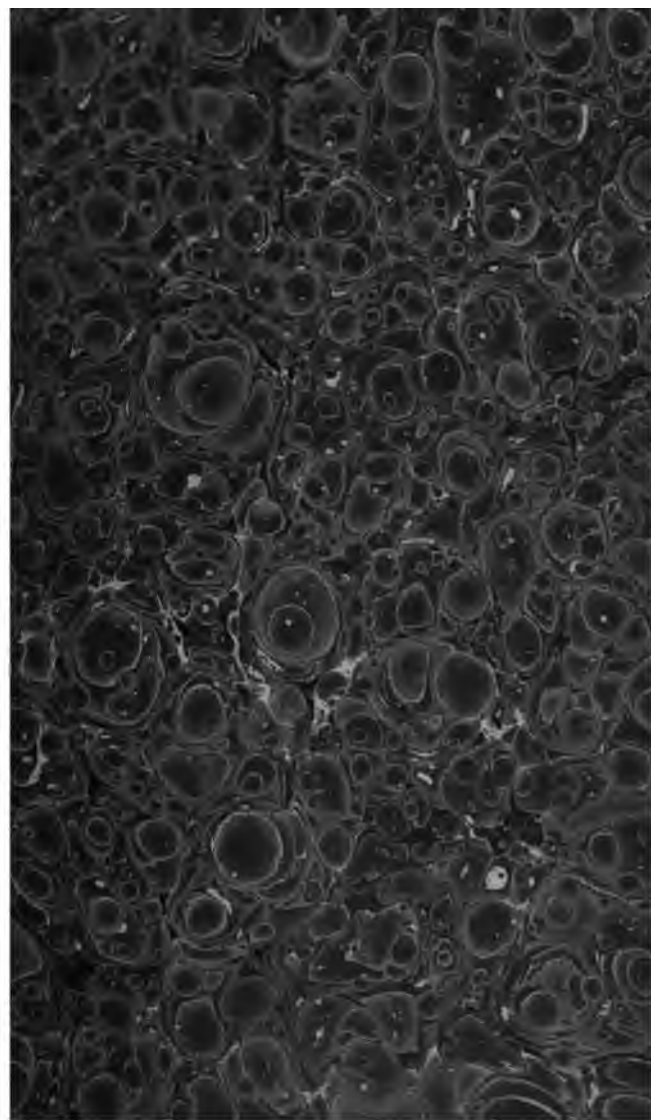
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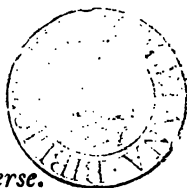
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**FOUR**  
**HEROICK EPISTLES**

OF  
**OVID;**



*Translated into English Verse.*

---

**Parcite paucarum diffundere crimen in omnes,  
Spectetur meritis quæque puella suis.  
Sæpe viri fallunt, teneræ non sæpe puellæ,  
Paucaque si quæras, crimina fraudis habent.**  
Ovidius de arte amandi. lib. III.

**All, with the crimes of few, to load forbear,  
Nor blend the virtuous with the guilty fair.  
Oft the fond maid inconstant man betrays,  
Rarely, from him she loves, a woman strays.**  
Ovid's art of love, book III.

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**PRINTED BY T. HEMING, ALCESTER,**  
**FOR**  
**DWYER No. 29 HOLBORN HILL,**  
**LONDON.**  
**1803.**

298. g. 59.




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## CONTENTS.

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PERELOPE TO ULYSSES	3
ÆNEAS TO PARIS	13
LAODAMIA TO PROTESILAUS	27
MEDBA TO JASON	39

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Though ten long years the sword Ulysses drew,  
And wander'd ten ; Penelope was true ;  
Protesilaus falls ; his widow'd mate,  
To love a victim, and untimely fate :  
The blame her crimes deserve let Helen bear,  
Your generous pity wrong'd CEnone share :<sup>\*</sup>  
Medea Jason banish'd from his bed,  
Another bride, perfidious, thither led.  
Ovid's art of love, book III

<sup>\*</sup> This line is not in the original.



# *PENELOPE*

TO

## *ULYSSES.*

Thus thy Penelope, Ulysses, greets,  
Thus to return, her lingering lord, intreats:  
Stay not to answer; bane of every joy  
To Grecian maids, low lies detested Troy,  
Troy, and old Priam and his conquered host,  
Scarce worth the labours and the tears they cost.  
O had the adulterer in the deep been laid,  
Ere his proud fleet for Lacedemon made!

Mine had not prov'd a cold forsaken bed,  
 Nor had I tedious days in sorrow led,  
 Nor while I sought to waste the night unblest;  
 The pendent web my widow'd hands opprest.  
 How oft my fears beyond the truth would rove!  
 How full of fond solicitude is love!  
 At thee I thought the fiercest foe must aim,  
 And turn'd all pale at Hector's hated name;  
 Hector, they said, Antilochus had slain,  
 Then caus'd Antilochus my coward pain;  
 When bled Patroclus arin'd in borrow'd mail,  
 Fast flowed my tears that stratagem should fail;  
 The Lycian spear Tlepolemus bedew'd,  
 Thy fate, Tlepolemus, my grief renew'd:  
 Till every Grecian in the battle slain,  
 Chill'd my fond bosom as the icy plain:

But to chaste love some god protection gives,  
Troy lies in ashes, and my husband lives.  
The Greeks return, at blazing altars bend,  
Barbaric spoils to Grecian gods suspend ;  
Maids for their lovers sav'd their offerings bring,  
Troys fates subdued by theirs the lovers sing,  
Old men admire, and trembling girls grow pale,  
While the fond wife devours the husband's tale.  
One, on the table, draws the battle's line,  
And Troy, all Troy describes in drops of wine.  
'Here Simois flow'd, Sigeum's land was here,  
Here Priam's palace seen its head to rear ;  
This was the ground the wise Ulysses chose,  
Thy proud pavilion there, Achilles rose,  
There, where uncurb'd, the fiery coursers drew  
The mangled Hector, trembling as they flew ;'

For all from Nestor did your son relate,  
 When sent, in vain, to learn his father's fate :  
 Of Rhesus and of Dolon proud to tell,  
 How one in sleep, deceiv'd the other fell ;  
 Rash man, regardless of each tender tie,  
 Who dar'd'st the horrors of that night defy !  
 By subtle art the Thracian camp invade,  
 So many slaughter'd, and but one to aid !  
 Your former deeds (now thought pretend for me)  
 Compar'd with this were cautious, I agree :  
 O how I trembled till the tale had said,  
 Through friendly hosts the fatal steeds were led !  
 But what avails to me that Ilion falls,  
 Or the deep soil where stood the towering walls,  
 Where with the captive ox the victors plough ?  
 For others, not for me its glories bow.

Still, as when Troy existed, I remain,  
 And for my absent husband sigh in vain.  
 Ripe for the sickle now the field appears,  
 And rich with Phrygian blood the harvest bears,  
 O'er mens half buried bones the ploughshare  
                   goes,

On mouldering ruins the rank herbage grows;  
 Conqueror you come not, and I seek in vain  
 What cause delays you, or what shores detain.  
 Whatever stranger hither bends his prow,  
 I ask him countless questions ere he go,  
 Then give for you, if found in foreign lands,  
 With solemn charge, a letter to his hands:  
 To Pylos, hoary Nestor's native plain  
 I sent, to Sparta too, but sent in vain;  
 The truth none know, uncertain rumours tell

Where late you wander'd, or where now you  
dwell.

Better if standing the Phœbean wall,  
Fickle, my vows I hate that doomed its fall;  
Then, where you fought I certainly had known,  
Nor, wept the common chance of war, alone.  
Not knowing what to fear, now all I dread,  
The spacious field of woes before me spread;  
All, every peril land or seas display,  
To me are causes of your long delay.  
Thus may I doat, while with forbidden fires  
Your heart perchance a foreign love inspires,  
Me you describe a fond and rustick fool,  
And only fit 'to teize the housewife's wool;  
Perish the thought, to scattering winds a prey,  
Nor free thy course, and willing be thy stay!

Me from my widow'd bed my angry sire,  
 With threats incessant, urges to retire,  
 And chides the endless causes that I feign,  
 Still let him urge, and chide me still in vain,  
 Thine am I still, and thine will ever be,  
 Penelope, Ulysses, wife to thee;  
 But him my duty and my constant love,  
 And my chaste prayers his generous bosom move;  
 Not so the suitor's, a luxurious crowd,  
 Rush from Dulichium, some Zacynthus proud,  
 And Samos here to reign in triumph send,  
 Thy wealth to plunder, and my vitals rend;  
 Why on their hateful titles should I dwell,  
 Pisander, Polyus and Medon fell?  
 With these Eurymachus rapacious joins,  
 His greedy hands Antinous combines;

A dastard troop, whose vile insatiate needs,  
Earn'd by thy precious blood thy substance feeds;  
The beggar Irus, and purveyor base,  
Melantius, crown the spoil and the disgrace :  
We are but three and weak, a woman one,  
Laërtes old, and yet a boy your son ;  
Him too had nearly seiz'd the insidious foe,  
As hence to Pylos he prepar'd to go ;  
The gods, I pray, in fate's due order give,  
To close his parent's eyes our child may live ;  
For this the trusty keeper of the swine,  
Their vows the ancient nurse and herdsman join.  
Unfit for arms Laërtes needs repose,  
And holds a feeble sway beset with foes ;  
To firmer years Telemachus aspires,  
But now his youth a father's aid requires.

Nor can I drive the spoiler from thy home,  
Our refuge thou, our sanctuary come !  
'Tis time thy son his father's virtues learn,  
Preserve him heaven till thou in peace return !  
Think on Laërtes, haste to close his eyes,  
Its last faint gleam the lamp of life supplies ;  
Though my fond vows this moment speed you  
here,  
I, whom you left a girl, shall old appear.



# *ÆNONE.*

TO

*PARIS.*

WILL Helen suffer, and may Paris read?  
No threatening letter from Mycene dread;  
From wrong'd Ænone flow these mournful  
                    strains

(A nymph renown'd on Phrygia's fertile plains)  
To her own Paris; would'st thou still be mine?  
Say for what crime am I no longer thine?  
What cruel god my fondest vows has cross'd,  
Or by what fate have I my husband lost?

Patience the woes we merit should sustain,  
 But injur'd innocence may well complain.  
 Not then so great, the son of Priam now,  
 A slave you were, when I (the truth avow)  
 Deign'd, though a nymph and from the immortal wave

Of a great river sprung, to wed a slave.  
 Oft under trees amid our flocks when laid  
 Of mingled leaves and grass our bed we made,  
 Oft on the fragrant hay in slumbers lost  
 The humble cot has screen'd us from the frost,  
 Who shew'd you thickets fittest for the chace,  
 To craggy dens the savage brood to trace?  
 Oft by your side your meshy toils I rear'd,  
 Oft o'er the mountain tops your dogs I cheer'd.  
 You bade the wounded beech a word retain

Read, and rever'd by every passing swain;  
 As the trunk grows, still grows CEnone's name;  
 Rise up ye trees, and justify my claim:  
 Well I remember where a poplar stands,  
 That bears a record graven by your hands;  
 Live poplar thou upon the margin green,  
 Thou, on whose rugged bark these lines are seen;  
 'When Paris bears CEnone to forsake,  
 Back to his fountain head shall Xanthus make;  
 Haste back, O Xanthus, and ye waters turn,  
 Paris has left the widow'd nymph to mourn.'  
 That day decided on my wretched fate,  
 From that the storm of changed love I date;  
 When the three goddesses, in evil hour,  
 Made thee the umpire of disputed power;  
 Juno and Venus, and in naked charms

Minerva came, more graceful deck'd with arms;  
 My bosom shudder'd as the tale you told,  
 My limbs all trembled, and my blood ran cold;  
 Then for advice, nor moderate was my fear,  
 The wrinkled hag I sought, and aged seer;  
 The wrinkled hag and aged seer agree,  
 My fears were just, all boded ill to me.  
 The lofty pine is fell'd, the plank they cleave,  
 The fleet prepar'd the azure waves receive;  
 You wept at parting, do not that deny,  
 Your present love your cheeks might deeper  
     dye;  
 Yes you did weep, nor did you weep alone,  
 Our tears we mingled, for our grief was one;  
 Not to the elm e'er faster clung the vine,  
 Than did your circling arms my neck entwine;

The sailors smil'd, how oft did you declare  
 The wind detain'd you, but the wind was fair :  
 How oft recall me, feigning to dismiss,  
 How oft receive, and give the parting kiss !  
 Still in my fond embraces as you hung,  
 How faintly said 'farewell' your faltering  
                   tongue !

Your flagging canvass courts the breeze from  
                   shore,


The whitening wave upturns the pliant oar ;  
 Far as they can, my straining eyes pursue  
 Your parting sails, my tears the sands bedew.  
 I woo the Nereids soon to bring you home,  
 And to my sorrow but too soon you come ;  
 My vows have brought you, but another charms  
 My cares preserv'd you for a harlot's arms.

A mountain rises near, whose craggy brow  
 Surveys, and awes the unfathom'd main below;  
 Here first your sails I knew with rapture seen,  
 And long'd to rush through waves that roll'd  
                   between ;

When lo ! not worn by you the purple dye  
 Flam'd from the prow upon my dazzled eye ;  
 Nearer and nearer to the land you drew ;  
 A woman's features now I trembling view ;  
 Distracted wherefore did I longer stay ?  
 The shameless wanton in your bosom lay ;  
 My robe I rend, and beat my naked breast,  
 (My flooded cheeks my furious nails infest,)  
 With loud laments make sacred Ida ring,  
 'Then to my native rocks my sorrows bring:  
 The woes her crimes have caus'd may Helen bear,

Like me deserted and like me despair !  
 Those now, who follow you o'er stormy seas,  
 And leave their lawful lords, your fancy please;  
 Poor on the mountains when your flocks you  
 The fond CEnone was your only love. [drove,  
 'Tis not your splendid fortunes I admire,  
 Nor gold, nor gorgeous palaces desire,  
 Of Priam's many daughters to be one,  
 A daughter wedded to a hundredth son !  
 Not that my blood would Priam's lineage stain,  
 Or justly Hecuba a nymph disdain,  
 Justly I claim a spouse of princely race,  
 Nor would my hands the sceptre proud disgrace,  
 Nor thou despise me that of high degree  
 I deign'd thy humble fortunes share with thee;

Though oft our couch the beechy foliage spread,  
More fit am I to press a royal bed:  
Can you with Helen as with me repose  
Secure from fleets that bear avenging foes?  
Sought by the thirsty swords of injur'd kings,  
This is the portion she in triumph brings,  
Whom if you must not yet restore, enquire  
Of all your brothers, and your aged sire,  
Of Priam's self though partial to thy youth;  
The brave Deiphobus shall own the truth;  
Counsel receive at valiant Hector's hand,  
Or of the sage Polydamas demand,  
Learn what the grave Antenor may advise,  
Whom age has taught, experience render'd wise.  
Base to betray your country's cause for lust,  
Yours is a shameful plea, the husband's just;



Nor fondly deem that she so quickly won,  
 The yielding Helen will be yours alone ;  
 As now Atrides by his guest betray'd  
 Loudly complains of his dishonour'd bed,  
 Loudly shall you complain; nor art nor cost;  
 Can e'er restore a woman's honour lost :  
 She burns for you, Atrides that she lov'd,  
 (Fond easy man !) the widow'd husband prov'd.  
 Hector's example should have fir'd thy breast,  
 Ænone like Andromache been blest.  
 Lighter art thou than leaves the ground that strow,  
 The sapless leaves when winds autumnal blow,  
 More weight than thou the chaffy ear retains.  
 Dried by perpetual suns in parching plains.  
 Thus did your frantick sister, while her hair  
 Stream'd to the winds, my wretched fate declare;

'Ah ! why CEnone sow with fruitless pain  
 The barren sands, and plough the shore in vain ?  
 The Grecian heifer on thy labours treads,  
 O haste, avert the ruin that she spreads !  
 The Grecian heifer comes, her steps I trace,  
 Thee to destroy, thy country and thy race ;  
 Ye pitying gods o'erwhelm the adulterous prow,  
 Lo ! thence of Phrygian blood what torrents flow.\*  
 Away her handmaids tore the the raving fair ;  
 On my pale brows upstood my parting hair ;  
 Too true alas were her prophetick strains,  
 That Grecian heifer in my pasture reigns,  
 Though fam'd for beauty, an adulteress vile,  
 Whom from her gods a stranger could beguile ;  
 Her too a certain Theseus (easy prey !)  
 (Theseus if right I name him,) bore away.

But he his prize a bold and amorous youth  
 Restor'd a virgin, likely tale forsooth !  
 Force though she plead, and thus would blame  
                   escape,

She who so oft is ravish'd courts the rape.  
 These matters whence I know, or how I prove,  
 Ask, and I answer in a word, I love.  
 False as thou art, CEnone true remains,  
 And to retaliate though provok'd disdains;  
 Me the lewd herd of satyrs swift pursue,  
 Lost in the woods I vanish from their view;  
 Nor with the spiral pine on Ida crown'd  
 Hast thou more favor, horned Faunus, found:  
 He, from whose hands proud Ilion's bulwarks  
                   rose,  
 Lov'd me and forc'd, my fierce resistance knows;

My pointed nails his radiant tresses tore,  
The marks his visage of my fury bore;  
Gold to atone the wrong my soul abhorr'd,  
Ingenuous beauty spurns a base reward;  
The god inspires me with his healing arts,  
Grateful their functions to my hands imparts;  
All herbs of power to soften human woe,  
All the wide world affords for cure I know;  
Ah that no herb expels a lover's pain !  
For my own aid my boasted skill is vain;  
Its potent succour not the god who gave  
From cruel love his own inventions save.  
From me the shepherd of Pherean plains  
Received the wound in his immortal veins:  
Nor genial earth, nor all the herbs that grow  
Thick on her fruitful bosom, can bestow.

No nor the god of health's restoring hand  
Impart the medicine that my woes demand;  
Thou only can'st; have pity on the maid,  
Who lost implores, and justly claims thy aid.  
I bring no hostile armies from afar,  
Nor stir the avenging Greeks to cruel war;  
Still am I thine, with thee I fondly past  
My childish days, with thee would breathe my  
last.



# *LAODAMIA*

TO

## *PROTESILAUS.*

FAIN the fond wife the husband's toils would  
share,

The health she sends Laodamia bear ;

Bound by the winds at Aulis you remain,

When me you leave, alas ! no winds detain ;

Then should the rising waves your oars oppose,

Its fury then the gathering storm disclose.

More kisses for my husband, for his ear

More last commands have I of import dear,

**E**

Besides a thousand tender things to say,  
 When from these walls they hurry you away;  
 The wind that waits your spreading sails is fair,  
 Joy to the mariners, to me despair,  
 No lovers wind, the sailors thoughtless race  
 It suits, and tears me from thy lov'd embrace;  
 Words on my quivering lips unfinish'd hung,  
 Scarce utters one farewell my faltering tongue;  
 Full on your swelling canvass Boreas blows,  
 And far from me Protesilaus goes;  
 Long as they can my husband bent to view  
 Thine to the last my streaming eyes pursue;  
 When thee I lose the lessening sails remain,  
 The lessening sails my wearied sight detain;  
 When thou no longer, nor thy sails appear,  
 Nor ought betwixt high heaven and ocean dear;

With thee too vanish'd every ray of light;  
 Senseless I sink into oblivious night,  
 Scarce can my sire, or thine my powers repair,  
 Or water sprinkled by a mother's care;  
 Kind pious cares their thankless child revive,  
 Indignant thus to be compell'd to live;  
 Then with my senses all my woe returns,  
 Stung with chaste love my faithful bosom burns;  
 To bind my flowing tresses I refuse,  
 Or gems or golden ornaments to use,  
 But like the frantick bacchanal appear,  
 Whom the god touches with his maddening  
     spear:

Then thus the assembled matrons sooth my care,  
 'Thy royal robes Laodamia wear.'

What? shall I glitter in the Tyrian dye?

Beneath proud Ilion's walls my husband lie ?  
 I wreath my locks ? his head the helmet bind ?  
 I cloth'd in pomp ? his limbs in arms confin'd ?  
 Thy toils I'll imitate, nor pleasure know,  
 Till war shall cease my sordid robes shall flow.  
 Paris, in arms thy fatal beauty drest,  
 Prove a weak foe, as erst a faithless guest !  
 O had the Spartan bride thy features blam'd,  
 Or thou despis'd her charms so loudly fam'd !  
 You, who too heavily your loss deplore,  
 What woes, Atrides, has your wrath in store !  
 Ye gods, one victim, O, my husband spare,  
 Let him return'd, of guardian Jove the care,  
 To Jove his arms suspend ; yet war I dread,  
 Tears at the thought like melting snow I shed ;  
 Ilion and Ida, Simois, and thy stream

O Xanthus, names of sound portentous seem;  
 Nor unprepar'd had the perfidious boy  
 Seiz'd on his prey, he knew the strength of  
       Troy;

Gaudy with gold he shone, as though he bore  
 All Phrygia's wealth upon the robe he wore,  
 Proud ships and men attending on their lord  
 Display the powers of war his realms afford;  
 These, I suspect, might, Helen, thee subdue,  
 And these, I think, the Grecian host may rue;  
 Hector I fear, for Hector, Paris said,  
 The blood of foes in war relentless shed:  
 Me if thou love, of Hector then beware,  
 (His name within thy mindful bosom bear,)  
 Nor of him only, still when you engage,  
 Think many Hectors in the battle rage,

And for the combat oft as you prepare,  
Say to yourself, 'Laodamia spare.'  
If by the Grecian soldier Troy must fall,  
Be thou unhurt, and sink the accursed wall !  
Let Menelaus stung with jealous pain,  
Her Paris won by force, by force regain,  
Rush on and conquer in a husband's right,  
Seek mid the foe his bride, and suing fight ;  
You only combat to return with life  
To the fond bosom of a faithful wife.  
Trojans from many spare this single foe,  
Lest from his wound my issuing blood should  
    flow ;  
He is not form'd the naked sword to wield,  
Or face opposing heroes in the field,  
His prowess Cupid's battles better prove,

Let others fight, Protesilaus love.

Scarce from recalling you I once refrain'd,  
 Fear of ill omens then my tongue restrain'd ;  
 Your foot the threshold struck, on war when  
 bent

Forth from the mansion of your sires you went :  
I mark and pray, in secret doom'd to mourn,  
'Be that the token of my lord's return !'  
Thus while I write your rashness to restrain,  
O may the winds disperse my boding vain !  
Him too his wretched widow shall deplore,  
The Greek, who first shall press the Trojan  
shore ;

(Such they report the stern decreë of fate;)   
 O be not forward then, be more than late !   
 Of all the thousand thine the thousandth bark,

Last let thy keel the wearied waters mark,  
 Last too, I charge thee, from thy vessel light ;  
 Not now thy dear paternal fields invite ;  
 With oar and sail returning ply the deep,  
 And on thy native shore with transport leap.  
 If Phœbus crown, or sink beneath, the main,  
 You cloud my day, at night in visions reign ;  
 Night's welcome shades the happy maiden  
                   courts,

Whose neck a lover's circling arm supports ;  
 Robb'd of substantial bliss the gift of night  
 I woo fallacious dreams for vain delight :  
 But wherefore pallid does thy form appear,  
 And why complaining accents do I hear ?  
 From sleep I start, the powers of night adore,  
 On every smoking altar incense pour,

Then add a tear that blazes on the shrine,  
 As when the flame ascends from offer'd wine.  
 When shall my longing arms my lord inclose,  
 I, every sense dissolv'd in pleasure lose;  
 When hear thee, lock'd within thy lov'd em-  
     brace,  
 Recount thy prowess and thy dangers trace?  
 What joy to listen to thy valiant deeds,  
 While oft the mutual kiss the tale impedes,  
 With happy pause while words for kisses stay,  
 Then flow more ready from the sweet delay!  
 But when of Troy I think, then seas and storms  
 Cloud the bright hope that thus my bosom  
     warms;

This too alarms me, that your hostile course,

Spite of opposing winds and waves, you force ;  
 Who thus would homeward steer ? with ad-  
       verse wind

You sail, and leave your native land behind ;  
 To his own city Neptune bars the road,  
 Return, O Grecians, each to your abode :  
 Ah whither rush ye ? hark, the winds forbid !  
 Nor chance your fury but the god has chid :  
 Say what to Troy assembled nations draws ?  
 Return ; a vile adulteress is the cause ;  
 Far be the omen ! why do I recall ?  
 Blow prosperous gales, and bid the billows fall !  
 The lot I envy of the Trojan maid,  
 Though on the shore she dwell that foes invade,  
 And view, (sad spectacle !) her slaughter'd  
       friends ;

Yet the fond bride upon her lord attends;  
 She binds the casque upon his warrior brow,  
 And prints a kiss to battle ere he go,  
 Then softly whispers, prompted by her love,  
 'Return and dedicate thy arms to Jove ;'  
 Cautious he weighs the injunction in his mind,  
 And fighting thinks on her he left behind :  
 The helmet she unclasps, withdraws the shield,  
 Her bosom hells him wearied from the field ;  
 To me distracted, all fulfill'd appear  
 With fatal certainty the dreams of fear.  
 But while to war in foreign lands you roam,  
 Your dear resemblance I preserve at home,  
 Moulded in wax your shape, your features trace,  
 Bless with my vows, and clasp in my embrace;  
 Could the wax breathe thy language in my ear,

Protesilaus would himself be here;  
 On this I gaze, and to my bosom press'd,  
 Chide for reply, as speech the mute possess'd.  
 By that return which shall my peace restore,  
 By thy lov'd form, the gods that I adore ;  
 By all the fires from Hymen's torch that glow,  
 By all the passion fondest bosoms know ;  
 By thy dear head, that on thy native ground  
 Still may I view with hoary honours crown'd  
 Thy fates I follow, if to life they lead,  
 Or, (Oh my fears !) they destine thee to bleed.  
 Hear then my last, nor long, but earnest prayer  
 Thy life preserve, if mine be worth thy care.

## *MEDEA*

*TO,*

*JASON.*

YES when the queen of Colchos late I reign'd;  
All that my art could give thy suit obtain'd;  
Had but the sisters, who the fates dispose  
Of mortal life, then mine decreed to close,  
Medea well had died; from thence I date  
Days only lengthen'd by avenging fate.  
Why to' this coast to steer, the youthful band,  
Why did thy fleece, O Phryxus, tempt to land,

Why Colchian eyes Magnesian Argo view,  
 And Phasian waters drink the Grecian crew,  
 My captive heart those golden tresses seize,  
 Those feigned words, that graceful figure please?  
 Else, (since these shores his untried bark had  
     made,

He and his bold companions dar'd invade,)  
 Æson's rash progeny no charm had sav'd,  
 Fire breathing bulls unpitied had he brav'd,  
 Quick from the seed upsprung the armed foe,  
 To lay the daring hand that cast it low;  
 What fraud with thee had perish'd, had'st thou  
     bled,

What ills reserv'd for my devoted head !  
 Still on ingratitude reproach to heap  
 Is pleasure, all from thee I hope to reap.

Happy my country, ere thy new form'd prow,  
 The Colchian waves that wash it, dar'd to  
 plough!

There I Medea reign'd, as here the bride,  
 In wealth with hers my royal father vied,  
 Hers over sea divided Eppyre reigns,  
 Mine Pontus, far as Scythia's bounds, restrains.  
 The Grecian youths the embroider'd couches  
 press,

Æeta's hospitable board confess;

Then first I saw thee, then began to know,  
 Then first my ruin'd peace receiv'd the blow;  
 Lovely thou wert, and I by fate impell'd,  
 While thine alone my ravish'd eyes beheld;  
 Traitor thou knew'st, (for love who well con-  
 ceals, )

Betray'd the bursting flame itself reveals.  
 Mean time your destin'd labours are display'd,  
 'That on the untam'd bulls the yoke be laid,  
 Fire in their nostrils, feet of solid brass  
 Black with the flames that o'er the metal pass,  
 Then to disperse the men producing seed,  
 Men all in arms to bid the sower bleed;  
 Last, nor the lightest emprise, to elude  
 Those eyes by slumber never yet subdued.'  
 Ætæ's spoke; all rise with grief oppress,  
 They move the banquet from the mournful  
                     guest;  
 How far was then Creusa from your thought,  
 Her sire, or kingdom for a portion sought?  
 Sad you retire, my swimming eyes pursue,  
 And my tongue murmurs in your ear, 'adieu,'

Then deeply wounded to my bed I went,  
 And wept the live long night on thee intent ;  
 The fiery bulls, the horrid harvests rise,  
 The sleepless dragon still before my eyes;  
 Now fear, now love prevails, and now from fear  
 Love gains new force, when morning's rays  
 appear;

My sister comes, I press my averted face,  
 Dissolv'd in tears, and shunning her embrace;  
 She hop'd my aid her children might receive,  
 The boon she craves to Jason's prayer I give.  
 Deep in a grove which oak and pine o'ershade  
 So thick, that scarce can Phœbus pierce the glade,  
 Long stood, and still Diana's shrine remains,  
 There in barbaric gold the Goddess reigns;

With me perhaps the place you have forgot,  
 But there we met, and in that sacred spot  
 Thus did you speak, ' O arbitress of fate,  
 On whom my trembling days suspended wait;  
 Enough the power, if power to kill be joy,  
 But nobler 'tis to save, than to destroy;  
 By all my sufferings, which thy hand can ease,  
 Thy grandsire's orb, the subject world who sees,  
 By triple Dian's mysteries rever'd,  
 Or other gods in this thy country fear'd,  
 O in thy virgin heart let pity plead  
 For me, and those condemn'd with me to bleed:  
 Then, o'er my days to thee devoted, reign;  
 Haply a Grecian husband thou'lt disdain;  
 Else, (but to hope presumptuous should I dare?)  
 Vanish my spirit into fleeting air!

If other bride than thou, by Jason led  
 Shall e'er ascend with him the genial bed :  
 Hear Juno queen of nuptial rites, and thou  
 To whom within thy marble fane we bow.  
 This, (and how little this of all you said!)  
 Was sure enough to move a simple maid;  
 Then your right hand, with solemn form, to  
     mine,  
 Pledge of the truth of these your words, you join;  
 Your tears I mark'd; did they too feigned flow?  
 Soon my young heart gave all it could bestow:  
 The fiery bulls you yoke unhurt, and wound,  
 Guiding the fatal share, the solid ground,  
 For seed with charmed teeth then sow the field;  
 Upstarts the warrior with the sword and shield:  
 Though mine the charm, yet trembling at the sight,

Pale I beheld the earthborn brothers fight ;  
 The ever waking dragon's scales resound,  
 Hissing he sweeps in tortuous folds the ground.  
 Where then your richly portion'd royal bride?  
 The isthmus proud the waters to divide?  
 I now a poor despis'd barbarian, I,  
 Now stain'd whose seem with crimes of deepest dye,  
 Medicin'd the monster's flaming eyes to sleep,  
 And gave to you the fleece he liv'd to keep.  
 My sire betray'd, and of his daughter reft !  
 A throne, to live an exil'd handmaid, left !  
 A sister's love despis'd, a mother's power !  
 A foreign spoiler cropt my virgin flower !  
 ' My brother, O my brother ! ' here the tale  
 Of wrongs, of sorrows, and of crimes must fail ;  
 The deed it dar'd to do, dares not record .

My trembling hand, but well the avenging sword  
 My limbs like his had scatter'd in the dust,  
 And thine, O traitor! had the gods been just:  
 My woman's heart no guilty fears restrain,  
 Already steel'd in crimes I tempt the main;  
 Now let the waves dispense the justice due  
 To me for folly, and for fraud to you.  
 O had the sister rocks conspir'd to join  
 O'er Thracia's straits, my limbs been crush'd  
 with thine,

We to the hungry pack of Scylla tost,  
 Or in thy whirling gulph, Charybdis, lost!  
 But safe the victor to his native shore  
 From rocks and seas propitious gales restore;  
 Thessalian cities the proud pomp behold,  
 The crowded fane receives the fleece of gold.

What boots it now of Pelias' fate to tell  
Victim of filial piety who fell,  
By fond deluded daughter doom'd to bleed?  
Whoe'er condemns, still thou should'st praise-  
the deed,

Thou, the sole author of my crimes abhorr'd!  
Grief chokes my utterance, nor supplies a word:  
For the just sorrows of my bursting heart,  
When thou can'st bid me from thy doors depart -  
I go, my children share the stern decree,  
And still pursues my steps the love of thee.  
Soon as the song of Hymen meets my ears,  
And wav'd on high his blazing torch appears,  
To you his pipe with notes of joy resounds,  
Me like the trumpet's blast funereal wounds,  
I start with horror, cold my bosom grows,

Nor the pang doom'd to pierce it deepest knows;  
 On rush the crowd, and Hymen they repeat,  
 At ev'ry shout my trembling pulses beat;  
 My weeping slaves from me their tears conceal,  
 For who the real evil would reveal?  
 Better they deem disguis'd the truth than told,  
 More than I felt no tidings could unfold;  
 Then at the portal as our younger boy  
 The proud procession views with childish joy,  
 'Mother,' he cries, 'the pomp my father leads,  
 All gold my father Jason guides the steeds;  
 I beat my bosom, and my robe I tear,  
 Nor do my nails my wounded visage spare;  
 My fury tempts me through the crowd to go,  
 And tear the garland from my rival's brow,  
 And scarce my frantick purpose I resign,

'To seize my husband, and say 'thou art mine,'  
 O injur'd sire, if that thy pangs may ease,  
 If that, thy manes, brother, can appease,  
 And you, if any shall my woes relate,  
 Deserted Colchians, triumph in my fate;  
 Of friends, my country, of a throne depriv'd,  
 And scorn'd by him for whom alone I liv'd,  
 O'er fiery bulls, and serpents I prevail,  
 One man's unconquer'd heart in vain assail;  
 I, who with charms repel enchanted fire,  
 Now slave to passion in my own expire.  
 Vain are my mutter'd spells, in vain I vow  
 New rites to Hecate, or to Dian bow,  
 'To me no day shall e'er seem sweet or fair,'  
 No night with gentle slumbers sooth my care;  
 Yet I to sleep the watchful dragon laid,

To me alone my arts refuse their aid ;  
 The fruit of all my toil a harlot reaps,  
 The limbs I sav'd in her embraces keeps.  
 Oft to your idiot bride, with triumph gay,  
 Your wit perchance and prowess you display,  
 My features and my manners may deride,  
 And sooth with my defects a rival's pride;  
 Pleas'd let her laugh, on downy purple sleep,  
 Consum'd with wasting fires she soon shall weep;  
 Revenge while fire, or steel, or poison gives,  
 No foe unpunish'd of Medea lives;  
 But O, if prayer thy stony heart may bend,  
 Receive the suit to which I now descend,  
 I, who that mercy, suppliant at thy feet,  
 Which oft at mine thou hast implor'd, intreat;

Though me thou scorn, our offspring yet re-  
gard,

Protect my children from a stepdame hard ;  
Image of thee too true, my tears they move,  
And wake the fond remembrance of our love.  
By the just gods ; thy grandsire's genial rays,  
Our sons, and merits of my former days,  
Restore the rights for which with thee I fled,  
Thy plighted truth, thy kind protecting aid ;  
Not such I ask, as erst my pity gave,  
From monsters, or devouring flames to save ;  
Thee only, thee I claim, my just reward,  
With whom a parent's tender name I shar'd.  
Ask for my portion, it was paid thee down,  
In that same field with teeth enchanted sown ;  
My dower the ram, his fleece of purest ore,

A dower thou would'st not, sure, if claim'd re-  
store;

Thou, and thy Greeks preserv'd, my portion  
share,

This with the wealth of Sisyphus compare !

My gift, thy boasted bride of royal line,

To prove ungrateful that thou liv'st, is mine ;

Live on : but wherefore should my tongue im-  
part

The deep revenge I treasure in my heart ?

My rage I follow, and may rue the event,

Who sav'd a traitor, and of that repent :

Big are my labouring thoughts, let him con-  
troul,

•The god, who stirs this tumult in my soul.



# NOTES

TO THE

## FIRST EPISTLE.

Page 3 line 1. *Thus thy Penelope, Ulysses, greets  
Thus to return her lingering lord intreats :*

Ten years elapsed after the taking of Troy, before Ulysses returned to his kingdom and the faithful Penelope, of whose virtues and sufferings a full account may be seen in the odyssey, in books i ii iv xvi xviii and xxiii.

line 7. *the adulterer*—Paris.

Page 4 line 4, *The pendent web*—For the history of this web see Iliad ii, p. 93, and Mr. Pope's translation, book ii, l. 107 to 127, and spectator, vol 8, no. 606 : it is thus exquisitely alluded to in the Bath guide, \*

Pray are not your ladies at Bath better plac'd  
Than the wife of a king who herself so disgrac'd,  
And at Ithaca liv'd in such very bad taste?  
Poor soul, while her husband thought proper to leave her,  
She slav'd all the day like a spital-field's weaver,  
And then like a fool, when her web was half spun,  
Pull'd to pieces at night all the work she had done.

\* perexiguum volumen sed infinitæ dulcedinis.

Page 4 line 9 *Antilochus*—the son of Nestor. He was killed by Memnon not by Hector; the commentators have therefore proposed to read Amphimachus for Antilochus; but it suited the purpose of Ovid to make Hector the general murderer; such we may suppose the fears of Penelope as well as Laodamia to represent him: it must not be therefore conceived that any thing in Homer was unknown to our author, of whom one of the best judges\* declared it hard to pronounce whether he were a more elegant, or learned poet. Antilochus was the neighbour of Penelope, and therefore more likely to occur to her.

line 11 *Patroclus*—killed in the arms of Achilles.  
Iliad xvi.

line 13 *The Lycian spear*—Sarpedon.

Page 5 line 5 *Maids for their husbands*—properly brides.

Page 6 line 3 Rhesus, king of Thrace, brought horses to Troy which were to render it invincible if they ever tasted the waters of Xanthus, but arriving too late to be admitted into the city, he encamped under the walls, where he was oppressed, with twelve of his followers, as he slept, in his tent, by Diomed and Ulysses, who had received intelligence of his situation from Dolon, a Trojan spy; Dolon fell also by the same hands that slew the unfortunate prince, and carried off the fatal steeds. Iliad x.

\*Poeta elegantior incertum an doctior. Lowth de sacra possi-  
Hebræorum.



frequent and anxious enquiries, her jealousy, her fidelity, the hateful addresses and plunder of the suitors, the treachery and insolence of his servants, the danger of his son, the imbecility and extremity of his father,) and to close the whole with the reflection upon the loss of her beauty, and the deplorable circumstance, that she whom he left a girl, must now (even though he should immediately return) appear an *old woman* (*Anus*, a word of great force in the original, especially as the concluding one) in the eyes of her husband.

Vix Priamus tanti, totaque Troja fuit.

Perhaps the two last lines of this epistle would be better rendered thus,

I, an old woman doubtless shall appear,  
(Come when you will ;) a girl you left me here.

# NOTES

TO THE

## SECOND EPISTLE.

Hecuba, the wife of Priam, being big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand, which was to burn Troy; and the oracle declaring that the child should bring destruction upon his country, Priam commanded it to be exposed to wild beasts, but the mother, Hecuba, contrived that her son should be preserved, and secretly educated amongst the king's shepherds upon mount Ida, where being grown up, he fell in love with CEnone, whom he forsook, when Helen was promised him by Venus as a reward for deciding in her favour against Juno and Minerva.

Page 13 line 2 For *Mycene* read *Mycenæ*—The country of Menelaus and Agamemnon.

Page 14 line 6 *Of a great river*—Xanthus.

Page 17 line 6 For *faintly said farewell* read *faintly cried farewell*.

Aye, and that tongue of his that lured the Romans.  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
'Alas!' it cried, 'give me some drink. Titinius,  
As a sick girl.'

**Page 17 line 16** *My cares preserv'd you*

Very fine use is made of this thought by the spectator, in a letter from a mother to a son. vol iv. no. 263.

line 9 A daughter wedded to a *hundredth* son !

Vidi Hecubam *centumque* nurus. Virgil ii 505.

Sad they beheld amid the mournful scene,  
The hundred daughters to the mother queen. Prr.

Dryden calls them wives,

**Page 20 line 10** *The brave Deïphobus shall own the truth ;*

The mention of Deïphobus in this place is somewhat singular, considering that he was afterwards married to Helen, and the unfortunate figure he makes in the sixth book of Virgil, probably in the hand of every body when this epistle appeared ; unless Ovid intended to insinuate how fallible those often prove, who are thought to be, and really are most capable of advising others.

Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto  
Deïphobum vidit lacerum crudeliter ora,  
Ora, manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis  
Auribus, et truncas inhonesto vulnere nares.  
Vix adeo agnovit pavitantem, et dira tegentem  
Supplicia ; \*\*\*\*\*

—— me fata mea et scelus exitiale Lacæne  
His mersere malis : illa hæc monumenta reliquit.

Namque, ut supremam falsa inter gaudia noctem  
Egerimus, \*\*\*\*\*

Tum me, confectum curis somnoque gravatum  
Infelix habuit thalamus, pressitque jacentem  
Dulcis et alta quies, placidæque similima morti :  
Egregia interea conjunx arma omnia tectis  
Emovet, et fidum capiti subduxerat ensem ;  
Intra tecta vocat Menelaum, et limina paudit.

Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found,  
Whose face and limbs were one continued wound :  
\*Dishonest with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,  
Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.  
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown  
His blotted form and blushing to be known.

—— "cruel fate, and my more cruel wife  
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life ;  
These are the monuments of Helen's love,  
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.  
You know in what deluding joys we past  
That night, that was by heaven decreed our last ;  
With watching overworn, with cares opprest,  
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest,  
And heavy sleep my weary limbs opprest ;  
Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,  
And from beneath my head my sword convey'd,

\*Dishonest here means disgraced, unseemly.

The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,  
Invites her former lord within my walls."

The consequence is above described.

Page 21 line 15 *Thus did your frantick sister,—Cassandra,*  
who received the gift of prophecy from Apollo as the price of  
favours which she refused to grant; the offended god, there-  
fore, rendered the boon useless which he could not withdraw,  
and she was doomed, eternally to foretel events that were  
really to happen, and never to be believed.

Page 22 line 1 *Ah! why Ceneone &c.*

Whoever will not allow that Ovid is frequently sublime, as  
well as witty, spirited, and tender, (in spite of Strada and  
his followers) either does not comprehend, or is not disposed  
to do him justice: the original speech of Cassandra, besides  
the animated expressions in which it is couched, has in it that  
mysterious obscurity which is at once characteristick of the  
prophetic style, and an acknowledged source of the sublime;  
the description also of her in the fury of inspiration, and of  
Ceneone listening is extremely picturesque, though in few  
words, in the original.

Page 23 line 13 *He, from whose hands proud Ilion's bal-  
works rose,—Apollo.*

# NOTES

ON THE

## THIRD EPISTLE.

Protesilaus, a Thessalian prince, led forty ships to Troy, he was the first man who leaped upon the Trojan shore; and was killed by Hector. vide *Iliad* vi. Laodamia, upon hearing this, is said to have put herself to death; also to have expired in the arms of the ghost of her husband, which at her desire appeared to her.

Page 29 line 11 For *bacchanal* read *Bacchanal*.

line 12 *spear*.

The Thyrsus, a staff or spear covered with vine leaves, which was said to inspire with madness those touched by it.

line 14 *Thy royal robes Laodamia wear*.

It is impossible not to smile at this assembly of the ladies of the court, the result of their grave deliberations, and the solemn display (as we may suppose) of finery, the panacea for the griefs of ordinary female minds, so spiritedly rejected by the original Laodamia, that voluptuous but faithful princess.

Page 31 line 4 *Gaudy with gold he shone,*

It is somewhere remarked that Paris came very properly equipped to win the heart of the lady.

Page 32 line 14 *He is not form'd the naked sword to wield,  
Or face opposing heroes in the field,*

There is no foundation in Homer for making Protesilaus this unwarlike character; on the contrary, being the first man who landed, and falling in consequence, he is intitled to a place amongst the most distinguished heroes of the Iliad; the tenderness and the passion of Laodamia only can excuse this.

Page 35 line 7 *What joy to listen to thy valiant deeds,*

Laodamia, after having laboured to make her husband avoid danger, is still desirous of sharing his glory, and hearing him recount his valiant deeds: so fond are women of bravery in men, even where their fears are most interested.

Page 36 line 4 *To his own city Neptune bars the road,*

Neptune and Apollo built the walls of Troy.

# NOTES

ON THE

## FOURTH EPISTLE.

Jason when he came to Colchos in pursuit of the golden fleece, was received, protected and beloved by Medea, the daughter of Ætæa king of Colchos,\* and Hecatè: she was said to be a great sorceress; probably a learned lady who studied physic. The epistle sufficiently explains all the circumstances relating to it, and needs no argument.

Page 41 line 5 For *Eppyre* read *Ephyre*—Corinth

Page 42 line 12 *Creusa*—daughter of Creon king of Corinth.

Page 43 line 9 She hop'd my aid *her children* might receive,

Chalciope, the sister of Medea, had four sons in the expedition with Jason.

Page 44 line 8 *Thy grandsire's orb*,

Ætæa, the father of Medea, was the son of Apollo.

\*See the Medea of Euripides, Ovid's Metamorphoses, books vi and vii, the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius, and the elegant translation of the loves of Medea and Jason, dedicated to the Earl of Carlisle, by Mr. Ekins, late Dean of Carlisle.

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line 9 *triple Dian*—Luna in the heavens, Diana upon the earth, and Proserpina in the infernal regions: she is represented also with three heads, of a man, a horse, and a dog.

Page 46 line 5 *The isthmus*—of Corinth.

line 8 *Medicin'd the monster's flaming eyes to sleep,*

——— *nor poppy, nor mandragora,*

*Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world*

*Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,*

*Which thou ow'd'st yesterday. OTHELLO.*

Johnson says the verb *medicine* is obsolete.

line 14 *'My brother, O my brother!'* DOUGLAS.

Absyrtus, the brother of Medea, whom she was said to have cut to pieces, and to have scattered his limbs in the way of her father, and thus retarded his pursuit; the grief of the father might render him incapable of pursuing the murderers of his son.

Page 47 line 8 *O had the sister rocks conspired to join*

Symplegades—Two rocks in the Thracian Bosphorus, or rather in the mouth of the Euxine, so close to each other that, seen at a distance, they appear to join, and were fabled by the poets to open and close.

Page 48 line 1 *What boots it now of Pelias fate to tell*

Dr. Darwin supposed the restoring *Æson* to youth by

boiling him, to have meant the use of the warm bath. This was probably some operation recommended by Medea, and unsuccessfully performed by the daughters of Pelias.

Page 50 line 14 *'To me no day shall e'er seem sweet or fair,'*  
HARDYKNUTE.

Page 53 line 3 *This with the wealth of Sisyphus compare!*

Creon was the son of Sisyphus.

line 6 *Live on : but wherefore should my tongue impart  
The deep revenge I treasure in my heart ?*

Quos ego : sed motos præstat componere fluctus. *Æneid* i 139.

No, you unnatural hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall —— I will do such things,——  
What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be  
The terrors of the world. LEAR.

Medea being banished from Corinth by Creon, requested to remain there one day, which was granted ; and in return, she sent, as a present to his daughter, the wife of Jason, a robe and a crown of gold, which that princess put on, and

slid in consequence ; Creon perished also, in the infernal  
 embraces of his daughter. Medea, after murdering her two  
 children, fled to Athens, drawn by dragons in a chariot given  
 to her by the sun ; there she married Ægeus, the son of  
 Pandion. *Argument of the Medea of Euripides. Stephens's Edit.*

Sit Medea ferox invictaque : a character certainly well  
 preserved and highly wrought by Ovid.

The translator wished to introduce this specimen of an intended version of Ovid's epistles, (those excepted already rendered by Dryden, Pope, or more modern writers,) with Dryden's preface to his edition of them, by various hands, and to have added some observations upon Ovid and translation ; but was willing to try the success of his verse, before he loaded it with prose, an inconvenience, into which he has however insensibly fallen, by the addition of some notes, which he hopes will not be deemed flippant, and of others, for the use of unlearned readers, to whom he thinks all translations ought to be accommodated.

He once heard a most witty and learned person observe, that Virgil, where he could not express what Homer has done in one line, has given it in two, a hint upon which the translator has sometimes proceeded, with the most humble imitation ; but hopes he has not used even this liberty so far, as not to preserve that ill understood, and calumniated character, of a *faithful interpreter*,\* a character which, he is persuaded, Horace intended to praise, rather than reprobate ; and he confesses that he had rather (with all humility be it said,) be thought to make Ovid speak, in good english, as he really has done in elegant latin, than as it may be supposed he would have spoken, had he lived in these times ; for how he has spoken, we know in part, (though probably, in

\* *Fidus interpres.*

some cases, we are not sufficient judges,) but how he would have spoken, who can pretend to say? Yet such has been the praise given, (and by learned and ingenious men, from the days of Dryden to those in which we live,) to translators; Dryden however, thought differently of their duty and excellence, with whatever negligence or latitude he might himself sometimes translate; and those who have followed him, Pope excepted, find it more easy to avoid his faults, than to approach his beauties.

FINIS.

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

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Alcester: Printed by T. Heming.

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## ERRATA.

Page 6 line 9 for (*now thought pretend for me*) read  
(*now thought pretend for me!*)

Page 8 line 13 for *teize* read *tease*.

Page 13 line 2 for *threatening* read *angry*.

Page 19 line 1 for *Like me deserted and like me despair!*  
read *Like me deserted, and like me despair!*

Page 29 line 11 for *frantick* read *zoneless*.

Page 39 line 1 for *Yes when the* read *Yes; when the*  
line 3 for *fates* read *threads*.  
line 5 for *from* read *for*.

Page 41 between lines 10 and 11 insert the two following—  
I gaz'd, I died; as on the sacred shrine,  
Devour'd by sudden fires the blazing pine.

Page 48 line 3 for *daughter* read *daughters*.

Page 52 line 5 for *thy grandsire's* read *my grandsire's*.

Page 57 line 5 for *teize* read *tease*.

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